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POEMS.



P O E M S

BY
HORACE SMITH

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POEMS.

A DAY IN SPRING.

BREEZE of the Spring—delicious air—
Spirit whose breath makes all things fair ;
To thee the flowers their incense swing,
To thee the birds their praises sing!

To thee they pour, so fresh and strong,
The random snatches of their song ;
The brook an endless task has found,
Linking their notes with murmurous sound.

O glorious oak in golden blaze!
O elm tree in an emerald haze!
O blinding light of myriad flowers!
O grass so cool, so sweet with showers!

So bright, so sweet, so strange ye seem,
I fear lest all should prove a dream ;
So fair this earth of ours to-day,
I tremble lest it pass away.

Why is such music every year
Poured into ears that will not hear?—
Such beauty every Spring set free,
Lavished on eyes that will not see?

Unheard, unseen, yet felt divine,
All that we hear or see is Thine ;
To Thee our frozen hearts we bring,
Turn Thou their Winter into Spring.

THE FISHERMAN'S REST.

I.

A HARD life has the fisherman, both day and night
to toil,
When skies are dull and dreary, and waters seethe
and boil ;
When fish are scarce, and buyers few, and wife
and child at home,

And danger on the sandy bar, and death within
the foam.

'Tis weary work when winds have dropped, or
when they wildly rave;

Nor in the deep can any sleep as in a quiet grave.

'Tis oh, to reach some distant shore, and there at
peace to be,

Where the never-dying breezes murmur softly from
the sea.

II.

A sad life has the fisherwife, from morn to eve to
wait;

To watch the distant ocean line from early until late.

'Tis hard to starve, and harder still to hear the
baby cry,

While breakers roar along the shore, and winds are
loud and high.

'Tis fearful mid the blinding surge, and through
the beating rain

To gaze, and fear the day is near, when watching
will be vain.

'Tis oh, to reach some distant shore, and there a
peace to be,

Where the never-dying breezes murmur softly from
the sea.

III.

There night and day the breezes play, and all the
waters lie

One breadth of rest from east to west, 'neath God's
own tranquil eye.

There at His word the nets are thrown (there is
no night-long toil),

And all the vessels well-nigh sink with heaps of
glittering spoil.

There wife and child in plenty dwell, fed by His
tender hand ;

And o'er the tide good angels guide the vessels to
the land.

'Tis oh, to reach that sacred shore in peace for
aye to be,

Where the never-dying breezes murmur softly from
the sea.

DREAMS.

1.

DREAM of the Poet!—A land where Beauty and
Love ever reign
Gently o'er loving vassals,—no strife, no hunger, no
pain ;
Where the warriors are ever so noble, the women
ever so fair,
And the children are always children, with never a
shadow of care ;
Where the aged are sweet as the children, and, as
soon as their labours are past,
Fade away like the glory of sunset, the loveliest
flushing thê last ;
Where the lion, and leopard, and tiger, with the
fawn and the antelope play ;
Where the butterfly flits o'er the flowers, but the
grub never injures the spray ;
Where the fruit falls ripe mid the blossoms, with
never a bruise or a speck,—
Endless profusion and plenty ; perpetual growth
without check ;—
Where the vine revels over the bowers, but the
juice of the grape never harms,

Where myriads of birds hover kindly o'er loveliest
flies in swarms ;
Where the rose has no thorn, and the nettle no
sting ; and the beautiful snake
Uncoils its venomless folds to the rabbit that plays
in the brake ;
Where the body rejoices in health, and the mind
and the soul are free ;—
This is the dream of the Poet ! Oh, would that
such things might be !

II.

Dream of the Seer ! A land ever governed by
Order and Law ;
Guided by reason the people, unbiased and sound
without flaw ;
Willing the thing that is wisest, and doing the
thing that is right ;
Seeking the good of each other, no malice, no
envy, no spite,
Violence, wrong, nor oppression ; but each man at
work for the rest ;
Not seeking the possible only, but finding the
absolute best ;

Growing in wisdom and knowledge ; increasing in
virtue and grace,
Step after step ; till, at length, they attain to the
ultimate race,
Having dominion o'er all things, and swaying all
things to their will ;—
This is the dream of the Seer !—Ah me, and he
dreams of it still !

III.

Dream of the Weary !—A land of ineffable calmness
profound ;
Where winds only whisper, and waters can scarcely
murmur a sound ;
Where clouds hardly move o'er the heavens ; and
rivers can barely run ;
And ocean is quiet, except where it quivers in
light of the sun ;
Where labourers toil not in reaping, and mariners
ply not the oar,
And the call of the warlike drum, and the trumpet
are heard no more ;
Where noise and confusion are silenced, and striving
and envying cease ;

Where tears never fall from the eyelids; and at
last—at last, there is peace;
Where sorrow and sighing are over, and sleep
cometh down as the dew;—
This is the dream of the Weary! Ah, when will the
dream be true?

IV.

Doing is better than dreaming;—look not behind
nor before!
Do: and, when doing is ended, thy dreams shall
be dreams no more.

COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

I.

Though I cannot answer why,
Yet my heart is weary;
Cloudless is the happy sky,
But my days are dreary.
Not the shadow of a sorrow
Falleth anywhere;—
Welcome, thou unknown to-morrow,
Whether joy or care!

Happy as the day is long,
Hark, the sweet birds singing !
Ceaseless is the fount of song
In their hearts upspringing.
Life to them is never dreary,
Piping 'neath the tranquil sky ;
But my heart, my heart is weary,
And I know not why.

II.

If Love were in his actions free,
Oh then, my love, I'd stay with thee ;
But Love, once caught in chains, they say,
Can never, never fly away.

If I might think that Love can see,
'Twere bliss for aye to gaze on thee ;
But, love, you know that Love is blind,
Or sees what he may never find.

If it were true that Love is wise,
I'd learn his wisdom from your eyes ;
But there's a saying, old and true,
That Love is fond when eyes are blue.

If Love could live on love alone,
Then might I claim thee for mine own ;
But some affinity in things
Makes Love and Riches both have wings.

If Love for evermore would stay,
Then at thy feet myself I'd lay ;
But Love is apt to change, and then
Hearts broken never piece again.

III.

Lady, if my idle lays
Call thee fair or witty,
Thou wilt scorn the empty praise,—
Theme of every ditty.
This alone shall be my song,—
This alone may move thee ;—
Day or night, in dark or light,
I only live to love thee.

Should I swear to win renown,
Future fame foretelling ;
Thou would'st answer with a frown,—
“Love is not for selling.”

This alone shall be my song,—
This alone may move thee ;—
Day or night, in dark or light,
I only live to love thee.

Should'st thou then reject my prayer,—
All my hopes dissever ;
I should languish in despair,
But forget thee never ;
Left alone, should fade and pale,
Like yon moon above thee,
Hiding light in clouds of night,
Lost, because I love thee.

IV.

The lover is wandering down by the stream,—
Wearily, O so wearily !—
Hopes and fears make a tedious dream,—
Drearily, O so drearily !—
“What will she say, if she come to me,
Yea, or nay, 'neath the Trysting Tree ?”

The maiden is loitering down the long lane,—
Wearily, O so wearily !—
“For, oh, if he comes not, hasting is vain,”—
Drearily, O so drearily !—

“Yet I would not be late, for fear he should be
Waiting alone 'neath the Trysting Tree.”

They have met, while the birds in the branches
sing,—

Merrily, O so merrily!—

They have met; in each others' arms they cling,—

Cheerily, O so cheerily!—

Oh, Life and Love, how sweet ye can be,
When true lovers meet 'neath the Trysting Tree!

v.

Lo, by thy circle attended,
Pass onward, O Queen of the Night!
Thousands will worship thy splendour,
Dazzling the sight.

Fair little star of the gloaming,
Timidly shining apart,—
Come let me hold thee, and fold thee
Unto my heart!

vi.

What time I went to meet my love,
Her gentle heart to gain,

The skies were dark with storm above,
And fringed with streaks of rain ;
The roaring wood was tossed about,
As 'twere an angry main.

The stream was black with coming storms ;
The distance coldly blue ;
The hills half hid their scowling forms,
And sulkily withdrew ;—
Sweet Nature frowned with jealous brow,
Deeming I was not true.

I met the maid I went to seek ;
We wandered down the dell,
I guessed the words she could not speak,
From eyes that spoke full well.
I held her to my heart—ah me,
What need the tale to tell !

Then turned I back. The wood and wold
Were steeped in crimson dye ;
In fold on fold the landscape rolled
Warm purple to the sky ;
The wet leaves twinkled in the trees
With trembling ecstasy.

The silver stream was turned about,
And glittered round the reeds,
While many a trout dipped in and out,
And flashed between the weeds ;
And Nature's face glowed as a man's
When doing noble deeds.

Behold all things are dear to me,—
This earth seems fairer grown ;
I needs must love all things that be,
In loving thee alone ;
For all the world is summed in thee,
And thou art all mine own.

VII.

Alas, what a tyrant Love must be !
He neither will hold, nor set me free.
Often I struggle to fly in vain ;
Often I lie and hug my chain.
Backwards and forwards sways my mind,
Like a reed that is rocked by the idle wind.

Often I feel that I love thee ;
Sometimes I doubt if thou lov'st me.

Often I think thou lov'st me well ;
But, which is the truth, love, none can tell.
Backwards and forwards sways my mind,
Like a reed that is rocked by the idle wind.

Thou art so gentle, pure, and fair,
That, breathe in thy presence, I scarcely dare.
Ah, but I feel, when my lips touch thine,
Thy love is as nothing matched with mine.
O reed, blown about by the idle wind,
When shalt thou rest and comfort find.

VIII.

When the roses bloom,
Lay them where I'm sleeping ;
Throw them on my tomb,
Sorrowing and weeping.
In their fragrance they shall be
Emblems of my love for thee.

When the roses fade,
Leave them there to perish.
All is mortal made,
E'en what most we cherish.
In their fading they shall be
Emblems of thy love for me.

When the roses die,
Let them rot forsaken.
What is dead shall lie
Never more to waken ;
Yet, remember, love shall last
When this life is overpast.

IX.

The world is false as it is fair,
Ah, wherefore then believe it?
And why should men so full of care
Be ever loath to leave it?
Oh, let my coffin be of lead,
Pile high the mould above me ;
And let them never know I'm dead,
If there be any love me.

X.

The frost that has lasted for many a day,
And the ice that nightly freezes,
Are thawing and vanishing swiftly away
In the warmth of the western breezes ;
And I love to look on the melting snow,
Down-pouring from roof and rafter,
For the streams that flow are a sign I know
Of the sunshine that comes after.

The gloom that has lasted for many a day,
And the grief which the chill blood freezes,
Will soften when Hope on the heart shall play.
Like the warmth of the western breezes;
And the streams that flow are a sign I know
Of the sunshine that comes after ;
For the dull heart clears with a shower of tears,
And breaks into song and laughter.

XI.

Sweetly, sweetly over the sea
The moon is shining clear ;
And oh, how happy I could be,
If my true love were here :
For then my heart would dance for glee,
Like the tide in the silver ray :
But now I could lay me down in the sea,
For the waves to wash me away.

XII.

Under the porch !—
Gleamed her white dress in shade
Through the half-opened door ;
Then came her little face
Nearer my own,
Under the porch.

Under the trees!—

Shadow and sunlight played
Over the grassy floor,
Over the rosy face,
Close to my own,
Under the trees.

Under the stars!—

Oh the wild love we made!
Oh the fond vows we swore!
Oh the pale tender face!—
My own, my own!
Under the stars!

XIII.

Sweet she was and gentle,
Fair as fair could be;
Sang the village maidens,—
“Lily fair is she!”

Came a change upon her,
Wonderful to see;
All the young men whispered,—
“Lo, a rose is she!”

Shout aloud her praises !—
There's but one who knows,
How my little lily
Changed into a rose.

XIV.

When the wind is in the west,
The lark above his nest
Sings a roundelay of joy to his little love at rest;
And higher, higher springing,
He sets the heavens ringing,
With the thrilling of his singing,
When the wind is in the west.

When the wind is in the west,
I love my lassie best;
For then she comes and lays her little head
upon my breast;
While stars in heaven are thronging,
And the nightingale prolonging
His lay of love and longing,
When the wind is in the west.

XV.

O little streamlet
Flashing along,

Merrily dancing,
And singing a song ;
Bright and refreshing,
Clear, limpid, and sweet ;
Fearlessly rushing
The river to meet :—
As bright, and as brave,
As pure, and as free.
So may our lives, love,
Flow down to the sea.

O stately river
Moving along,
Calm, yet resistless,
Smooth, and yet strong ;
Grandly majestic
Thy mighty tides sweep,
Bearing great navies
Away to the deep :—
As strong, and as calm,
As grand, and as free,
So may our lives, love,
Flow down to the sea.

CHRIST IS GOD.

CHRIST is God!—through distant ages
Trumpet-like the echo rings ;
’Twas the faith of ancient Sages,
Prophet, Patriarchs, and Kings.
’Tis the faith whereto has tended
Every hope, though dark and dim,—
All in love of God are blended.
Finding harmony in Him ;—
Faith in that, which yet we see not,—
That, which yet we hope to see,—
Christ is God !—Ah, if He be not,
Who dare think what God may be !
Then is Faith some fiend’s deception,
By whose power we are beguiled ;
Then is Hope a sweet conception—
Sweet, yet ruinous and wild.
Then no ray of Truth can reach us,
Then is Life an empty show—
Lift the veil, O God, and teach us,
That which Thou would’st have us know.

THE CREEDS.

METHOUGHT I saw a plain
With towns and cities, and a swarm of men
Working and struggling, like a nest of ants,
Yet drearily; for all the valley lay
In shadow; in the midst whereof arose
A mighty mountain, hidden in the clouds.
And ever and anon a shaft of light
Shot through the riven darkness. Whereon some
Would clamber up the rough and tangled ways
Along the dazzling path; but more worked on,
And heeded not the darkness nor the light.
And some grew weary of their toil, and turned
And sought the valley; others, clambering, fell;
And some bore up, yet wandered from the way,
And, lost amid the darkly whirling clouds,
Some lower down, some higher, stayed awhile.
And, here or there, they built themselves a home,
Where they might dwell. But, in a little time,
I heard them calling to their fellows, "Come,
Come here to us, this is the mountain's top!"
Then others, making answer through the mist,
"No, no; for we have found it; come ye here!"
So each to other called through the thick mist,

E'en as the plovers cry about the fields
At evening, fretfully. Then others came,
And built new cities, till the clouded hill
Was peopled with a host innumerable
Nigh to the summit. Then at last I saw,
When that loud noise had risen to its height,
And angry quarrel rose, and many a voice
Was heard to counsel war. the misty clouds
Swerve upwards from the valley, violently,
With crack of thunder, rocks crashing into chasms,
And flashes of fierce lightning, showing forth
The multitudinous cities on the hill;
And, rolling ever upward, lay at length
The pure snow summit bare on the blue sky.

And I awoke, and heard the merry bells
Clash through the frosty air with jubilant peal,
The birth of Him, who, on the holy mount,
Stood, in the light of Heaven, alone, supreme,
Where Moses and Elias passed away.

LOVE STANZAS.

I.

How shall my verse a fitting image find
Thy perfect beauty fairly to disclose,
Whose every look, whose every motion shows
A lovely form and mind?

Oh, nought on earth will I compare with thee,
No rose, or blue-bell, mocking summer skies;
But some celestial flow'r, which angel eyes
Untired for ever see.

Where Nature hath essayed her utmost skill,
Words but obscure the charms they would portray;
We gaze in silence, feeling what we may,
But, worshipping, are still.

II.

I liken my own heart unto a lake,
Which owns no image but thy lovely form,
Alike in glorious sunshine or in storm,
Or when the rain clouds break.

The deepest pool is darkest ; and my love
Grows, deepening every day that I do live,
And darkening, for that death must one day give
Thee to the blest above.

Ah stay, and make me blest until I die.
In Heaven, love, all are pure,—then haste not
there !
Sweet angels, do not murmur at my prayer.
Nor beckon toward the sky.

Oh, to be linked like two-fold stars of night,
To cling together closely, as we move
Revolving round one common centre, Love,
And blending light in light,

'Scaping the heart-break of a last embrace,
And, slowly setting at the western goal,
Still linked together, seeking, as one soul,
The realms of cloudless space !

III.

After long trouble, peace at length I find.
Again I look into those deep blue eyes,
Two pools, reed-fringed, reflecting summer skies,
Unruffled by the wind.

Again I hold the hand I love the best.

 Weary with tossing on the waves of life,
 At length I reach, in safety from the strife,
The haven of my rest ;

E'en as a ship, that all the stormy day
 Has laboured with the fierceness of the gale,
 At eve securely furls the fluttering sail,
Moored in the quiet bay.

Then let the noisy world roar as it will ;
 Thou art encompassed by eternal peace.
 In this calm bay the breezes fall and cease,
And all the waves are still.

IV.

I dreamt of thee as dead. A chill grey cloud
 Was drifting o'er the town. The windy street
 Was black with cold. A bitter driving sleet
Beat on my face. A crowd

Of men and women, with a vacant stare
 On stony faces, passed in mourning dressed.
 The bells were tolling ; and the people pressed
On to the house of prayer.

Methought the nation mourned the nation's Head.
Men whispered each to each. All work had end.
And all the blinds were drawn, as though a friend
In every house lay dead.

I wandered far into the fields alone.
The birds remembered not their happier notes.
But doleful dirges trembled from their throats.
I heard the doves make moan.

A mournful rushing of the river waves,—
A weary moaning of the barren wood,—
I wandered to a village church, and stood
Amid a crowd of graves.

Two men who turned the sod and heaved the soil,
I watched, as one who feels not what he sees ;
Then idly asked, who there should sleep in peace,
Resting from grief and toil.

And one, I thought, looked up and slowly spoke ;
But, when he shaped his lips to speak the name
I hold more dear to me than life or fame.
I cried aloud, and woke.

Oh, joy to hold again in mine thy hand,—
To find the dream so sweet, so dear a lie !—

I seem as one who lays him down to die
In sight of his own land ;

Who, weak with wounds, and feeble as he is,
Raised on the deck, one moment feasts his eyes
On England's happy shore, then sinking dies,
Borne down with too much bliss.

SPRING.

'Tis a morning sweet and fair,
Delicate perfume in the air
Is softly wafted everywhere ;
While the cool south-western breeze
Woos their beauty from the trees,
Breathes new lustre as it passes
O'er the gently bending grasses :
While the woods are ringing
With the small birds singing,
Hidden in the boughs above,
Each one warbling to its love.
" I woo, I woo," sighs the tender dove
From the depths of his ivied tree ;
" Be true, be true," sings his patient love,
" And I will be true to thee."
" Sweet, sweet," is the chaffinch tale ;

And "love, love, love," sings the nightingale.
Then free and strong
Is the blackbird's song :
And the thrush that sings from the tallest tree
Falls in love with his own sweet melody,
And joyfully thrilling, and sweetly clear.
The song of the lark rings into my ear :
For he springs to the skies with joy elate,
And he hovers to earth to seek his mate.
Singing in a madness
Of ecstasy and gladness,
Till his song is over,
Drowned amid the clover.
Now the meads are bright with flowers,
Glittering with new-fallen showers.
In a thousand brilliant hues
Woods and fields appearing,
Young lambs bleating for their ewes,
Careful shepherds shearing,
Lowing herds fresh pastures seeking.
Everything of plenty speaking ;
Orchards into blossom breaking.
Land and sea to joy awaking :
Vistas of the dappled glades,
Quiet nooks and cooling shades :
Murmurs of the streamlet's flow.

Where the whispering rushes grow ;
Fragrant odours in the air,
 Heavy-laden bees,
Humming, soothe the listening ear
 Round the lilac trees.

Hope and Joy, a wedded pair,
Shed an influence everywhere ;—
Hope, the husband, brave to bear,
Joy, the wife, serene to cheer ;
Hope to sow, and Joy to reap ;
Hope to gain, and Joy to keep ;
Hope to plan, contrive, achieve,
Joy to welcome and receive ;
Reigning both in splendour royal
Over subjects lief and loyal.

Sing we then our praises ever
Unto God, the gracious giver,
Who, to ease our sad satiety,
Gives us endlessly variety—
Changing winter's dreary dearth
Into Spring's delightful birth ;
So to teach us, we may trust,
That the body's buried dust
Shall not always dust remain,
But shall burst to life again.

FRAGMENT I.

To take down dusty books, to turn and turn,
And travel over desert tracts of law ;
To pore on crabbed cases, not to learn,
But in another's words to find a flaw.
The vapid talk of this affair or that,
The "chaff," still smelling of the musty "shop,"
The weary sameness of the dinner chat,
The dreary nonsense of the crowded "hop";—
Oh, for the breeze,—the breeze so cold and keen,
That meets us on the summit of the hill ;
When, suddenly, the snowy Alps are seen,
And, far below, the landscape fair and still !

FRAGMENT II.

THE mountains stretch their heads into the skies,
The cataracts tumble headlong to the vale ;
So some men fall, and some men seem to rise,
And the high heavens to scale.

But half way up the mountain lies a plain
Of greenest verdure, spread with sweet harebells ;
There comes the happy sunshine and the rain,
And there the peasant dwells.

There would I dwell, and neither rise nor fall,
But take the changing season as I may,
Contented with the common lot of all
Through my life's little day.

ABEL ANDREWS.

OLD Abel Andrews, sitting in the sun
Outside the Haycock Inn, I saw, and turned
To greet him. Hale and honest, double-chinned,
Red-faced, and open-hearted, stout and true,
A jovial burly nature, mixed with gleams
Of tender kindness, rough in the rind,
Yet soft and sweet within, old Andrews lived
A quiet life as landlord of the Inn.
I sat me down beside him on the bench,
And, then and there to bind me to his heart,
I asked him for a draught of the good ale,
The famous home-brew, smacking of the malt.

Then he, a vexed look puckering all his face,
As when a grey breeze dims the shining stream,
Made answer mournfully to my request:—
“’Tis not so fine this year, sir, not so bright
As I could wish; for last October, sir,
I could not mind the brewing as I used,

And so the ale was spoilt by other folk.
You mind young Annie Clayton of the farm
Up yonder on the hill, among the elms,
She died, sir, last October." There he paused,
And I, "Indeed, I had not heard,—how came't?"
"Well, well, the tale is sad enough!" he said,
"Some folks will say hard things; but I say, No!
Mayhap her foot slipped as she crossed the bridge.
The night was wild and dark, and she, may be,
Was dazed with grief, and knew not where she went.
Or what she did. Na'theless she wrote a word
Of farewell to her friends, her love to me,
And hoped we would not judge too hardly of her,
And neither will I, as I hope for grace.
Poor child! And all for such a worthless hound
As Harry Warner, whom the Lord forgive."

Then, while he paused to gather up his thoughts.
I well remembered how I met the maid
By chance one morning, as she loitered down
The pathway from the farm house to the Inn;
Singing the while, e'en as the brook that runs
And babbles as it goes; until we met
Just by the little pathway gate, and there
We stopped, and doubted which should be the first
To pass the stile. But I held back, and she,

A modest blush made roses of her cheeks,
Slid past me, as I stood and turned the gate,
And watched her tripping on her way, and heard
Her song renewed, as when the breeze has hushed
The murmuring stream, then dies, and leaves the
sound

Still living. "Yes," I said, half musingly,
"Yes, I remember her quite well,—but who
This Harry Warner, Abel, who was he?"

"Oh, he," he said, "He was a farmer's son.
Old Warner holds a farm some four miles hence—
He's well to do, and gave his only son
A deal of learning; kept him long at school;
And, some three years are gone, sent him away
To London, as an agent, as I think
They call it; for the squire took the lad
And pushed him forward; though I doubted then
No good would come of it. And, every time
Young Harry came to see us from the town,
I thought a change had come; and, sir, my wife,
She thought she saw a change; for there would come
At times an ugly look upon his face,
That never passes o'er an open brow.
And all the while, sir, he was off and on
With our own Annie, whom he should have wed

The summer after he first went to town.
Yet, e'er he went, in all the country round
Were none more loving. She would say to me,
How good and kind he was ; but that she feared
She was not good enough for one so wise.
'And, oh, when he is cross, at times,' she said,
'I feel as though 'twould kill me, and I look
So frightened. Then he laughs, and says that I
Have too fine feelings for so rough a world ;
And then the warm blood rushes to my face,
And I am happy.' Even then I thought
All was not well, and yet I hoped for best.
Poor child, the life he led her with his airs ;
And tried to teach her to be fine, and mince
Her words, and dress herself like finer folk,
And hold herself aloof, and not to come
To me, or talk with any villagers.
And so she tried, and could not—could not be
Aught but the wild flower God had meant her for.
He, fool, refused to take her as she was,
But could not make her worthless as himself,
And so at last he left her.

“Then she came
To me ; and, bursting into bitter tears,
She threw herself upon the floor, and writhed

Like some poor wounded thing, caught in a trap ;
And sobbed and cried, 'O Abel, he is gone,
Gone,—gone for ever ! Oh that he would come
Again to see me, never leave me more !
Oh, I would love him, slave for him, and do
All that I could to please him, whom I love
More than my life, oh, more than all the world !
Alas, I am not worthy of his love.
Go to him, Abel, bring him back to me.
O God, to think I ne'er shall see him more ;
And ne'er shall feel his strong arm round me drawn,
Nor speak to him, nor hear him speak to me,
Or look into his face, or press his hand,—
Alas, there's nothing left for me but death !'

“Oh, sir, 'twas fearful to behold such grief
In one so dear to me, and I was dazed,
And knew not what to do. But, when at length
That storm of grief had somewhat spent itself,
I strove to comfort her, but knew not how,
And only brought fresh tears. Then I besought
That she would let my wife go home with her
To comfort her ; for women in such things
Are better skilled than men. And so they went
Together to the farm. But, when the night
Drew near, my wife returned, and left her calm,

Though wretched in her utter loneliness.
For, sir, her mother died when she was young,
And Master Clayton is a hard, dry man,
Unfit to take a mother's place, and seemed
To care but little for his child. Poor man,
He's broken hearted at the loss of her.

“But in the dead of night, when all men slept,
And all was dark and still, a sudden scream,
Another, and another, broke our rest.
And out we went, and half the village came
With torch and lantern hurrying to the bridge.
There, where the noisy waters all are hushed
In the deep shadow of a silent pool,
O'erhung by long-armed heavy-foliaged trees,
We spied a white dress, gleaming in the dark:
Then one plunged in the water, drew her out,
But dead, sir, she was dead, and spoke no word!”

So spoke he, while the tears were gathering fast;
And I, much moved at what I heard, arose,
Nor put him then in mind about the ale,
But wished “Good-bye” to the kind soul, and went
Down by the river to the fatal bridge,
And saw the sunshine, wandering through the trees,
Dapple with showery light the deadly pool.

MEMORIES.

THIS scene, as you may guess, is known to me
Full well. I know each court, each stair, each
room ;

I seem to know each leaf upon the limes
Which skirt the garden. Yet, I know not why,
There seems to be a change, though none is there.
The gardener keeps the squares of grass as green
As in old times ; still weeds the stony walks ;
Nor have the builder's sacrilegious hands,
Nor Time's more subtle fingers, dared to move
One stone of all the pile. Yet something strange
Hangs over all. As sometimes in a dream
We seem to move 'mid well-remembered scenes,
Yet feel a touch of strangeness in them all ;
So seems it to me now. Something is lost,
Or something added. Memories of the past—
Past joys, lost friends, and unfulfilled desires—
Flit ghost-like, wheresoe'er I turn mine eyes,
And peer behind each buttress, stair, and door.

Poor Frank ! e'en now I sometimes think of him,
As the light-hearted lad whom once I knew.
Yonder his rooms—something too near the roof,

But cheerful therefore. Thence you looked away,
Far o'er the College chapel, to the tops
Of lush-green lime trees, and the noble elms
Beyond the river. There full many a time
The wine well-iced, encircled in a cloud
Of fragrance filling all the room, we sat
And sang gay songs ; and, in those days, he sang
Right heartily, as when the lark pours forth
A flood of song, while the May morning breaks
Clear blue from east to west. Upon his head
Curled the light-chestnut hair, and in his eyes
Twinkled the merry sunshine of his heart,
The while his voice (I think I hear him now)
Led the loud chorus, as the noisy brook
Runs, flecked with sunshine.

One who knew him well
In after years, in other lands and scenes,
Says he grew sadly changed from him we knew—
So sadly, none might know him for the same ;
For there had come a canker in the bud,
And, though a man may pluck the worm away,
The flower has lost its grace for evermore.

One long vacation, after work was done,
I went to see him at the Rectory.

The Rector was a man of kindly heart
And simple manners, and the loving wife
Had grown into his perfect counterpart.
An only sister, too, was there, a girl
Of sixteen years, and lovely as a rose ;
Like Frank, with chestnut hair, or golden, was it ?
And fair blue eyes, more tender, but less gay.
There, while I wandered idly with these four,
Marking their simple life and kindly ways,
I felt as though I moved in fairy land ;
Nor did I dream such things might have an end,
So far removed they seemed from sin and change.

A friend of Frank, Charles Marston, lived with
him
In London lodgings. He before had been
His friend at college ; and it chanced they read
In the same chambers—rather did not read,
But led a random life—a skittish pair,
That would not take the collar—reared and kicked
Over the legal traces—took the bit
Tight in their teeth, and shook the loosened rein
Of this world's moral code upon their backs
Gaily. And for a time they prospered, till
The pace grew fast and furious. Then the sin
That needs must meet the light—an empty purse—

Stopped them in mid career. And then the
thought—

The hateful thought of what the world would say—
Weighed on them. Many a time, with cheerless
looks,

The two would plan to avert the coming blow,
And every scheme begat a new despair.

Then Frank bethought him of his sister's share,
Left to her by her father, who, good man,
Had past away from trouble ; and Frank thought,
Perchance young Marston might secure her love,
Obtain the money, and so meet the debts
Without disclosure. Then he told his plan.
But Charles, he liked it, yet he liked it not.
It pleased his vanity, that Frank should treat
Success in wooing as a thing of course.
Nor did he doubt of victory ; but yet
A year or two of reckless idleness,
Pressure of debt, and loss of self-respect,
Though they had dulled his sensibility,
Had not completely deadened every sense
Of honour ; and this scheme of Frank's, he felt,
Was base and heartless. And he said to him,
“ This is your scheme, not mine ; 'tis your affair.
Yet if you must, I'll try to play my part,

And see what comes ; and, if it turn out well,
Then will I pay the debts ; and, as you say,
'Twould save exposure : for myself, indeed,
I care not what may happen. Over seas
A man may take a shovel in his hand,
Nor dread the sneering of his fellow-men."

"Ah, yes !" said Frank, "we spoke of that before,

But then, God help us, think of the disgrace,
E'en if it could be done, which much I doubt.
Let things slide on ; who knows what turn may
come ?

Yet, if you should be married, there would be
An end of trouble ; and, you know, some day
You must be rich enough to pay all back
A dozen times ; so that no harm will come."

"That may be true," said Charles ; "and yet,
who knows ?

My father may live yet for many a year ;
And, for I know him well, if he should guess
The plight I'm in, might he not cut me off,
And let me live a pauper. Something still
May happen that may help us." So they ceased.

In the same village where, in word and act,
The good old Rector taught the road to heaven,
Still dwelt his wife and daughter, held in love

Of all the people. Thither from the town
Would Frank escape to breathe the freer air
Blown o'er the distant hills. Thither came Charles,
A frequent guest and welcome. Him would Frank
Extol as one he loved, and valued much,
And worthy of all praise—half truth, half lie.

So in sweet summer evenings, when the light
Lingered among the vapours in the west,
All down the quiet fields and shadowy lanes,
Or by the stately river, silently
Rippling the image of the grey old church,
And dimpling into eddies between banks
Of rushes, meadow-sweet, and willow-weed,
Young Marston walked with Mary, breathing love ;—
Yea, love ! for so it was that in his heart
Still lived beneath the dust of years the root
Of pure emotions ; and the gentle grace
Of her he walked with, like a summer shower,
With gradual influence softened all his heart,
And drew the flower of true love into bloom.

But Frank, now that his plans were ripening
fast,
Who planned and lied, urged by an abject fear
Of being made a target for the scorn

Of all the world, was shaken with remorse,
And he could scarce endure to see them meet,
To guess the mutual pressure of the hands,
To hear soft whispers, and to mark the sweet
Swift interchange of signals to and fro.
So by degrees, as days went by, the friends
Grew colder, each mistrusting each; and Frank
Thought, "He will play me false, yet keep the
prize;
But shall not—by my life he shall not win!"
And Marston thought, "How base am I, and yet
I doubt this brother baser, who would sell
His sister, as a bale of merchandize—
Yea, and so sweet a sister as my love!"
Till at the last they quarrelled, hot and flushed
With shame and anger, in the dark they stood
Upon the cottage lawn, one silent night
In summer; and there Charles declared his love:
"And God be judge betwixt us two," he cried,
"For I repent all follies, and all vows,
Which never should have been, and I have sworn
To live henceforth as one worthy of her,
Whom I do love more dearly than my life."
Then Frank laughed scornfully, and answered him;—
"Love!—Do you think indeed I am so dull
As not to know your meaning in that word?"

Love her! Aye, as you've loved this twenty times,
And may for twenty more. But I have changed
My purpose; for, although I've sunk so low,
I'll sink no lower. She shall know the truth.
Love *her*! You love her not. It is the gold."
Then Marston fiercely gave the lie to Frank;
And he, the hot blood rushing to the brain
And drowning reason, struck him on the face,
And blow for blow.

Then on a sudden flashed
Behind the laurel by the cottage porch
A belt of light which streamed across the lawn;
And Mary stood by the half opened door,
And called to them: "Come, come, you're waited
for,
Frank, Charles, come, come;" and clapped her
hands and called.

Strangely upon their stormy hearts the voice
Fell with a magic power, and stilled the strife.
Slowly they entered, and in silence sat,
While the good mother read the sacred page,
With sweet unruffled face; and the lamp gleamed
Upon the silvery hair, and on the golden curls
Of Mary; but her face was sad and vexed.
For Mary knew all was not well, and saw
The red spot burning upon Marston's cheek,

And guessed not what had chanced, or what to do
For best; and when she strove to say "Good-
night,"

Her voice seemed strange to her, and silence fell.
And early all arose, and left the room.

There are to whom prayer is an agony,—
The grovelling of a slave before his lord,
E'er the lash tear him. Such but seldom pray;
And, when they pray, a tempest stirs their hearts,
The dead leaves rustling whirl before the blast,
And leave the soul a wreck. No blessing comes,
Only a faint and far off glimmering hope
Of brighter days hereafter. Others are
To whom a constant attitude of prayer
Becomes habitual,—every thought and act
Eternal adoration;—'tis the air
They live and breathe in, and they move or rest
In the perpetual sunshine of God's love.

But Frank upon his pillow writhed and moaned
Till the grey morning, with a chill blank face,
Stared at the window. Then in haste he rose,
And wrote a letter—full of sharp remorse
And self-accusal, and forgiveness prayed—
To Marston. Then he clad himself, and stole
Noiselessly through the house, pausing long time,

And listening, doubting, at his mother's door,
And at his sister's. Then he broke away;
And fled, as flies the traveller o'er the heath
From fancied spectres of the midnight gloom,
Away, away!

Eight years had passed. One weary summer day,
While Frank was lying, propt upon his bed,
Sick of a fever, very weak and faint,
This letter came from Mary:—"Dearest Frank,
Great is our joy at hearing you are safe;
And though we sorrowed, deeming you were dead,
Our love for you has never drooped nor failed.
But he who tells us of your safety says
Your health is failing, filling us with fear.
But now we hope you will not vex your mind,
But be your former self. You need not grieve;
For we indeed are so completely blessed,
That if in us there lurked a shade of doubt
To mar our full forgiveness, and our love
Of you, dear brother, we were base indeed.
And think not that I do not know the cause
Of all the evil. I have wept, and wept,
Bowed down with bitter sorrow,—yet 'tis past,
And God forgives us,—will forgive you too,
If you but ask him. Yes, I feel you have,—

Have asked forgiveness ; dear, believe it given,
By God, more freely than 'tis given by us.

We are so glad to hear of you as safe,
And thriving too,—such boundless tracts of land,—
Sheep out of number ; in my mind I dream
You grown like Jacob, wearing a long beard
Down to the girdle, with a crook in hand,
Australian patriarch, with flocks and herds
Innumerable. But he who tells us this
Mars all the picture, saying you are ill.
Oh, stay no more in those outlandish parts,
But come to us. A welcome waits you here,
Warm as midsummer, which is here with us,—
Mid-winter yours ! Oh come away, nor stop
One single day before the fleetest ship
Is found to carry you to England's shores.
Three bairns are ours—a Frank, a Charles, and last
A Mary,—such a baby,—oh so sweet,—
And not too fat, though Charles will say she is.
But you must see, and love her, and she you,
Dear Frank, believe me all is known, and all
Forgiven. Come then. Mary."

Twice he read
The letter as he lay, and turning round
Slept, and in sleeping passed away in peace.

RETURN OF SPRING.

Now Winter's reign has passed away ;
And buds appear on every spray ;
The sweet birds sing in hedge and tree
Their melodies of careless glee ;

For all the wood is green again,
And green the vale and hill ;
And only in this heart of mine
The winter lingers still.

The lambs about the meadows skip ;
And in the stream the swallows dip ;
The winds, that blow from south and west,
Woo all the flowers that love them best ;

For all the wood is green again,
And green the vale and hill ;
And only in this heart of mine
The winter lingers still.

Oh heart of mine, that seems so glad !
Oh heart of mine, that seems so sad :
Ah, wherefore, as in days of yore,
Steals not the joy into the core ;

For all the wood is green again,
And green the vale and hill;
And only in this heart of mine
The winter lingers still.

THANKSGIVING AFTER STORM.¹

1.

THE groaning forest bending
Heaves like an angry main;
The rain and hail descending
O'erflows each dyke and drain;
Through black clouds tempest-driven
The rapid lightnings flash,
And through the vaulted heaven
Loud thunders crack and crash.
Oh Lord God, the tempest, Thy wrathful word
obeying,
Dismaying us praying, hath brought destruction
near;
We shrink from Thine anger, Thy majesty appalling,
Down falling and calling upon Thy name in fear.

¹ The Chorus is suggested by the Music in the last movement of Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony."

II.

The yellow corn is lying
Down-beaten by the rain,
It seems as though 'twere dying,
And ne'er would rise again ;
'Tis oh, for breezes blowing
Beneath the sunny skies
Before the time of mowing,
To give it strength to rise.
Oh Lord God in anger, Thy mercy ne'er forgetting,
Our fretting, regretting, we meekly own Thy sway ;
Forsake us not wholly, but in Thy mercy hear us,
Be near us to cheer us, when heart and hope
give way.

III.

Now all the storm has ended,
The clouds are rolled away,
And, girt with brilliance splendid,
Descends the light of day ;
Afar the thunder growling
Slinks back into the night,
Like some wild creature prowling,
Scared by the morning light.

Oh Thou, who in tempest hast dreadly passed
before us,
Restore us, and o'er us Thy bow of mercy throw ;
We own, Lord, Thy goodness, with trembling lips
adoring,
Imploring, and pouring the praises that we owe.

IV.

The blue sky widens o'er us,
The air is calm and sweet,
The birds in happy chorus
Come forth the sun to greet ;
While mists like incense stealing
O'er all the landscape swim,
And, with the full heart's feeling,
Our happy eyes are dim.
Oh Lord God, whose favours are far beyond our
finding,
Close binding and winding our hearts around
Thine own,
We own, Lord, Thy bounty, Thy tender love caress-
ing,
Confessing Thy blessing, so plenteously bestown.

v.

Our days are full of fighting,
Our lives are full of care,
And evil thoughts benighting
Steal on us unaware ;—
The tempests gather o'er us ;—
Ah, God, for faith to see
The shining lands before us,
Where we at peace shall be !
Oh Lord God of Heaven, we cannot truly love
Thee,
But move Thee, and prove Thee with all our
wild unrest ;
'Tis oh for that new land, in peace for aye abiding,
Confiding, and hiding our troubles in Thy breast !

SONG.

1.

FRESH is the breeze, and crisp the air ;
And dew-drops glitter like jewels fair ;
The mists roll up, and the shadows fly,—
There is joy in the land, and the sea, and the sky,
When the sun comes up in the morning.

II.

The dew-drops will vanish away full soon,
And the breeze may change to a gale e'er noon ;
In every life there is storm and care ;—
Pray Heaven the sky be calm and fair,
 When the sun does down in the evening.

THE OAK TREE.

OH, lovely is the tender lime, shining in April
 show'r,
And glorious is the fiery beech in Autumn's sunset
 hour ;
But Summer, Spring, or Autumn, whate'er the season
 be,
I love the spreading branches of the broad oak tree.

It grows in other lands I know, but surely not so
 fair ;
I needs must think it sighs and pants for a breath
 of English air.
Who will not dream of England, wherever he may
 be,
As he stands beneath the branches of a broad oak
 tree.

There right was dealt 'twixt man and man ; there
Druids knelt in prayer ;
'Twas there the outlaw feasted ; and the king lay
hidden there ;
The ships that chased the Spanish fleet, far o'er
the foaming sea,
Were built of the great branches of the broad oak
tree.

There fuller sounds the thrush's song upon the
topmost bough ;
There tenderer is the lover's kiss, and truer is the
vow ;
There merrier is the feasting, and louder is the
glee,
When friends are met together 'neath the broad
oak tree.

How massive are his giant limbs, how bent with
strain and storm,
What breadth, what strength, what majesty, what
careless grace of form ;
What wonder that the statesman dreamed, that all
men should be free,
As he lay beneath the branches of the broad oak
tree.¹

¹ Wilberforce at Keston.

O tender grace of silver birch ! O beech of lusty green !

O iron strength of hardy fir ! O elm of stately mien !

Though ye be princes in your woods, and, though so proud ye be,

Come bow before your lord and king, the broad oak tree.

THE ROBIN.

O ROBIN, you've found your voice again,

Now Winter is drawing near ;

In the chilly gleams, 'mid the show'rs of rain,

Your thin little notes I hear.

A song as tender as ever was heard,

And as sweet as sweet can be :—

“Ah, never forget your poor little bird,

When the snow is over the lea.”

Alas, when the fruit and the berries are gone,

And the snow lies white on the plain,

When the hoarse-voiced winds round the chimneys moan,

With frost on the window pane ;

Closer we draw to the blazing hearth,
And care not to see or know,
How the Redbreast lies 'neath the dull grey
 skies,
A crimson stain on the snow.

THE OLD YEAR.

BENDING before the roaring blast,
The golden woods are waning ;
All the whole heaven is overcast,
And the clouds are heavily raining,
 I fear, oh, I fear
 The good Old Year
Goes down to his grave complaining !

Hark, how he moans !—he is fighting with Time ;
His breathing is faster growing.
How fresh was his youth ! How grand his prime !
And now the Old Year is going ;
 But over his tomb
 Fair flowers shall bloom,
When the breezes of Spring are blowing.

A BIT OF COLOUR.

GREY was the morn, all things were grey,
 'Twas Winter more than Spring ;
A bleak east wind swept o'er the land,
 And sobered everything.

Grey was the sky, the fields were grey,
 The hills, the woods, the trees—
Distance and foreground—all the scene
 Was grey in the grey breeze.

Grey cushions, and a grey skin rug,
 A dark grey wicker trap,
Grey were the ladies' hats and cloaks,
 And grey my coat and cap ;

A narrow, lonely, grey old lane ;
 And lo, on a grey gate,
Just by the side of a grey wood,
 A sooty sweep there sat.

With grimy chin 'twixt grimy hands
 He sat and whistled shrill :
And in his sooty cap he wore
 A yellow daffodil.

And often, when the days are dull,
I seem to see him still—
The jaunty air, the sooty face,
And the yellow daffodil.

MARTYRS OF THE NETHERLANDS.¹

THEIR hands fast bound in heavy chains,
And doomed to death by fire,
Two fair-haired youths stood up between
Their mother and their sire.

“What demon rites do ye perform?
Your vile misdeeds reveal;
Or from your lips the rack shall drag
The truth ye would conceal.”

The younger saint, untaught to fear,
Their daily duty told.
In child-like, simple words he spoke,
In innocence bold.

“We fall upon our knees to God;
And pray with tears, that He
For evermore will keep our souls
From sinful passions free;

¹ See Motley's “Dutch Republic,” Vol. i., p. 292.

“We pray that He will bless our King
With store of prosperous days ;
That all our governors may be
Preserved in all their ways.

“We pray no other prayers than these ;
No other rites have we.”
The hard-faced judges wept to hear
Such brave simplicity.

They dragged them from the judgment-hall,
The father and a son,
Still praying, “Even unto death,
O God, Thy will be done.

“We are content, so Thou art pleased
Our sacrifice to take ;
O heavenly Father, take the gift
For holy Jesu’s sake.”

“Ye lie,” exclaimed the savage monks,
Who piled the fatal fire ;
“Ye are the damnèd brood of hell,
And Satan is your sire.”

They hurled them on the crackling wood,
But, through the volumed smoke,
The sweet voice of the younger saint
In holy rapture broke—

“Oh! look, my father, from the clouds
He comes to claim His own;
The heavens are sundered, and I see
Our God upon His throne.

“Ten hundred thousand angels bright
Gleam through the opening sky,
Rejoicing in the steadfast faith
That teaches how to die.”

“Silence, blasphemer,” shrieked the priests,
“Thou liest in thy teeth!
A host of devils call thee hence,
Hell-fire yawns beneath.”

The dark crowds swayed and thrilled with fear,
And all beheld, amazed,
How, like an angel's shone his face,
As into heaven he gazed.

The wild flames leaped upon their prey ;
But, o'er them as they roared,
Two happy souls had found their rest,
Their Saviour and their Lord.

God give us faith, e'en to the last,
Like theirs, who died that day ;
But chiefly with His grace defend
Our hearts from passion's sway.

GRINDELWALD.

ALL day the rain fell heavily; the clouds
Streamed down the valley in one long grey fringe.
While underneath, and through the misty rain,
The blue-grey glacier gleamed, and purple woods
Of fir and larch, with slopes of tender green,
And groups of deep-eaved chalets of the hue
Of ruddy chestnuts, ruddier from the wet
That soaked into the wood. At length the sun,
What time he neared the border of the earth,
Broke through the clouds in splendour. All the mists
Whirled round him in the west, and overhead
Lakes of the deepest blue appeared to move
Amid the moving clouds; and, to and fro,

Through all the vale the vapours, gathering, flew ;
And, caught by varying currents of the wind,
Fled hither, thither,—for a moment paused ;
Then, lifting upwards with a sudden swirl,
Lay bare the huge crags of the Wetterhorn,
Grey granite, sharp against the living blue.

Then coldly clear the jagged glacier rose
Blue-chasm'd to the snow-fields. Lower down
The misty steeps, fir-crowned, sent up a steam
Of thin blue vapour, quivering to the skies.
The rich brown chalets, dotted on the slopes
Of dazzling green were dashed with hues of eve ;
And far away the folded hills were touched
With golden splendour. All the valley lay
One mass of shadowy purple, save, indeed,
Where one long line of white fog, stretching wide,
Cut the dark hills asunder.

All was still :—

One missed the cheerful singing of the birds,
That love to welcome the returning sun.
All, all was still :—save when the avalanche
Rolled a dull thunder through the silent rocks,
And made the stillness stiller ; or anon
The distant lowing of the grazing kine,
Whose mellow-bells made music as they moved,
Or merrier tinkling of the nimble goats,

That feed upon the mountains. Overhead
The hawk hung in the heavens, lightly swerved,
And poised, and swerved again. Till now the sun,
Long-battling bravely with th' encircling clouds,
Outnumbered, but unyielding, fell and died ;
And Night, a mourner, o'er the fallen King
Drew her dark robe, and hung o'er him, and wept.

IN NORTH WALES.

You ask me why the Muse is mute,
 'Mid scenes so fair as these ;
Where Nature plies her every art,
 Her utmost power to please.

Oh, there are sun-lit heights of bliss,
 That words may never reach ;
And there are thoughts which flood the soul
 Beyond the power of speech !

As on some deep and silent pool
 The sweet reflections stay,
While, lower down, the broken stream
 Babbles them all away.

My heart receives each image fair,
And smoothly flows along;
But by-and-bye, 'mid rougher scenes,
Will bubble into song.

REPLY TO AN ANGLER'S IDYLL.

BY A. A. HILL, IN *Fraser*, 1861.

Surely there needs no poet's art to teach
The sweet delights of lying by the Lynn,
Listening the thunder of its foaming falls;
Or watching for the silver trout, that rise,
And splash the quiet pools with dimpling rings
About the dark brown rocks. The loveliness
Of such fair scenes is felt by all who see.
Untaught we love them. Therefore, O my friend,
Forsake mere ornaments, and turn your power
To lighting up the darker ways of life,—
The toil and strain of this care-laden world,—
Lift up the curtain of the woes of life,
And show the glimpses of bright hope within,
If not within, at least beyond, this life.
Have you no comfort for the weary heart?
Have you no food to give the famished soul?
For truly these delights of trickling streams,

That play for others, these sweet groves and hills,
Yielding delicious shade for happier wights,
Do only make us envious, who remain
Choked with the dust, and deafened by the roar
Of this world's highway.

Yet I blame for naught:
Sing as you will, since you so sweetly sing!
For even unto us, who may not hear
The "busy music" of the "ringing reel,"
Or see "the fluttered woodlands," or the bloom
Of "pleiad clusters of star-primroses,"
'Tis sweet to hear the melody of words,
And even, if we may, to dream we see.

But yet, I will not have you utter words
Of faint disparagement against the scenes
I love so well,—dear *Alma Mater's* home!
Say, can your Lynn with all its vaunted charms
Present a scene more gay than classic Cam,
What time the gentle Spring is newly dressed
In silken green, not splendidly attired,
Yet sweetly, and with modest ornament.
The pollard twinkles into green and grey
Beside the twisting stream, along whose course
Long trains of heavy barges slowly wind,
And curl themselves, like fabled monster-snakes,

The terror of all lands. From either marge
 The loaded ferries swing themselves across;
 And like gay gardens, decked with gaudy flowers
 The banks are thronged with crowds of diverse hues,
 Listening the fateful signal for the start,
 Or loitering, laughing, talking, making bets,—
 Youth at the "Plough" and Pleasure everywhere,—
 And, round by Grassy, "raining influence,"
 Gay groups of ladies glitter on the green.
 At last the gun!—And then the mingled roar
 Of hundred shouters, and the trampling rush
 Of hundred hurrying feet, the rapid "thud"—
 The fierce "spirt" flapping through the lazy stream,
 Until the beaten waters writhe and foam
 In long waves washing through the reedy banks.
 And then the last wild cheer of Victory!—
 Nay, we can put some life into the stream,
 That "lags so lazily."

'Tis often said,
 Our joys and griefs are born within ourselves;
 With our own hues we paint the passing scenes,
 Or bright, or sombre. Oh, believe me, friend,
 The joys which come of a contented mind
 Are more than all delights of purling streams.

THE SONG OF THE SEA.

I.

WEARILY all through the hours of the night
Falls the sad voice of the sea,
On the ears of those who are left alone
In pain or in misery.
Wearily bursting down on the beach,
Wearily, now and anon:
Seeming ever to preach—
“Vanity, vanity, life is vain,
The great waves break again and again;
The World is made up of storm and strife,
There is no rest in the ocean of Life,
And the tempest will never have done.”

II.

But the youth who stands in his strength by the shore,
With the spray in his face, and the wind in his hair,
Hears a far other song in the ocean's roar:—
He is ready to do and to dare.
For lost in the future he seems to be,
And hears the sound of another sea;
'Tis the noise of his life that rings in his ears,

He is dreaming a dream of the coming years.
The winds are steady, the sails are tight,
His path lies on through a line of light;
The good ship speeds like a wingèd dart,
And dashed from the prow the breakers part,
On a sudden a doubt will strike, like the chill
We feel in an evening warm and still,
 When the sun like a ball of gold
Is rolled on the edge of the purple hill,
 And the valley is misty and cold;
But he throws it aside with a fierce disdain,
And the wild free strength of the bounding main
Comes into his heart and his blood and his brain—
 “Courage! be strong and be bold.”

III.

But he who has looked on death,—
The mystery of the last drawn breath,—
Turns to thy wordless voice, O sea,
As to a friend in misery.
For thy boundless space and eternal roar,
And the great waves bursting along the shore,
Proclaim as they roll for evermore:—
 “There is no peace, no rest from strife,
 No lull to the ceaseless friction of life;

But, lost in the light of the love of God,
'They rest, who were here so full of care,
Where the waves are hushed, and the skies are fair,
 Far, far beyond mortal range;
Where the smooth seas glimmer in golden light,
Where suns never set, and there is no night,
 Neither sorrow, nor shadow of change!"

REST.

WHERE flies the soul what time in sleep
 The body seeks repose;
Or, is it bound those laws to keep
 The body's needs impose?

Or doth it fly where'er it will,
 And, moved by free desire,
Exulting, use those powers that still
 Can neither rest nor tire?

Or, by life's tempests trouble-toss'd,
 Far out of human view,
Re-seek like some perturbed ghost
 Scenes that it loved and knew?

Ah me, I think it must remain,
 Or, like the patriarch's dove,
 It would not sure return again
 To scenes it cannot love.

Hover around us till we wake,
 Linger the while we sleep,
 Till unencumbered thou shalt take
 Thy flight across the deep ;

There wander in the new-found world
 Until the floods be o'er,
 What time the ark itself shall come,
 And touch the sacred shore !

A SKETCH.

AN even life with peace and plenty blest,
 Yet crossed with shadows of the common lot.
 E'en such a life as some would lightly scorn
 For seeming void of interest ; yet, indeed,
 A life of noble purpose, actual good.
 Genial in manner, frank of mind and heart ;
 Kind, but with sense to make his kindness real ;
 Not quickly sensitive to feel the smart

Of blows on him or others; if you will,
Somewhat too "brusque"; yet, like a woman, soft,
When called upon to help. From day to day
With honest heart he did his daily work
Within the field allotted. There are lights,
Whose flame is glorious as the stars of heaven,
And like the stars they vanish in the clouds;
But his was as a beacon on the shore
Shining through calm and storm.

A parish priest,
Loved much by all who knew him, loved the most
By those who knew him best. He taught his flock
To know the right and choose it, and to shun
All evil as the adder in their path.
Clear common-sense was his, which threw a broad
White light on all things, showing simple truths
In simple form, most pleasing to the poor
And simple-minded; therefore was he loved
By simple-minded men.

His other self
Was tuned to suit the tenour of his mind
In likeness, and in difference of tone.
Two natures in one chalice interfused
Of diverse colours, mingling into one.
They taught their children due obedience,
The bond of love. They mixed in all their sports,

And, joining in the childish merriment,
Swayed the occasion, unobserved, to teach
Justice and truth, and all things fair and good.

So lived they, and departing they bequeathed
Those of their name, after their pattern formed,
As legacy of wealth for after time.

THE BEST OF FRIENDS.¹

HE had no friend, or never knew
The charm that friendship lends
To this dull life, who idly called
A book the best of friends.

The words of wisdom through the past
Shine as the stars of night;
We love and bless the far-off rays,
So still, so cold, so bright;

But like the sun which giveth warmth
And life to all the earth,
So seems the presence of a friend
In sorrow or in mirth.

¹ Mr. Roebuck, October, 1863, declared a book to be the best of friends.

When the glad heart o'erbrims with joy,
We double what we share,
And looking in the friendly face
Behold it imaged there ;

Or, when the heart is crushed with grief
It can no more withstand,
How sweet the silence of a look—
The pressure of a hand !

Here is the friendship of the Book,
Now, and when Time shall end ;
'Tis that it brings a Friend to us,
And leads us to a Friend.

THE CASTLE ON THE SAND.

We built a castle on the strand
Beside the summer sea ;
The children heaped the yellow sand,
With shouts of random glee.

And bridges, moats, and stairs we made,
And forts to left and right,
And, crowning all, a flag displayed
Its stream of rosy light.

Meanwhile the tide came dashing o'er
The gentle slopes of sand,
Now stretching far into the shore,
Now drawing from the land.

Hurrah! at length the foe draws nigh!
Now rushes round the moats;
Now rises to the ramparts high,
Where still the standard floats.

The children watch th' advancing sea,
Till every outwork falls;
And, 'mid a shout of ecstasy,
Down slide the castle walls.

We build our castles in the air,
More frail than those of sand;
We shape them very tall and fair,
O'erlooking all the land,

And crowned with banners floating wide;
Nor can we see or hear,
How Time's unalterable tide
Is surely creeping near.

He rises to the bastion's ridge,
He storms the turrets high ;
'Tis well if we have left one bridge--
One path by which to fly.

Alas, the dreams of riper years
In solemn sadness fall ;—
Where are the shouts the children raise
Around the ruined wall ?

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE LARK.

I.

NIGHTINGALE ! why art thou never glad ?
Only a passionate longing for bliss,
Only a feigning of not being sad,—
Oh, tell me the secret of this !
“ I have learnt my song, through the ages long,
In the bowers of earth where I make my nest ;
And I mingle my strain of passion and pain
With an ardent yearning for rest.”

II.

O brave, blithe lark, thou art never sad ;
Thine is a lay of unfeignèd bliss ;

In cloud or in sunshine supremely glad,—
Oh, tell me the secret of this !
“ Daily I rise to the happy skies
From the sorrowing earth where I build my
nest,
And to me it is given to learn up in Heaven
The song of the spirits at rest.”

IN MEMORIAM: T. CRESWICK, R.A.

THE woods are green, the skies are bright ;
On branch and stem the dazzling light
Is flickering to and fro, and makes
A dappled shadow, where it breaks.

The grass is emerald green to-day ;
It seems to burn, to melt away ;
My aching eyes are filled with tears,
The songs of birds oppress my ears.

Oh, careless birds, why will ye sing ?
How dare ye burst, ye buds of spring ?
When he who loved you so of yore
Rejoices in your joy no more.

Droop all your heads, ye flowers that blow ;
Ye streams in mournful music flow ;
Grey mist and dewy vapour rise,
And veil the glory of the skies.

And weep, all tender hearts and true—
Your eyes may well be filled with dew ;
But tears no more are in those eyes,
Which see the bowers of Paradise.

The eye that saw, the ear that heard,
The heart that every beauty stirred,
Now sees, and hears, and feels no less
In lands where all is loveliness.

IN MEM.: J. A. M'LEOD, Q.C.

OB. APRIL, 1883.

DEEP common-sense, graced with a surface play
Of rippling fancy, and of glancing wit ;
Learning, and worldly wisdom, closely knit
With courage, as the advocate's best stay,
To face the fight and win it, if he may ;
Frankness with tender sympathy combined ;

Free-handed, open-hearted, warmly kind;—
One dark cloud comes—dimmed is that cheerful
ray!

Now, when all nature seems to wake again

With blossoms and with birds on every tree,
Remembering old times and scenes in vain,—

The blue-eyed boy, so full of random glee,—
I, for he seemed to love to hear me sing,
Throw on his grave one modest flower of Spring.

SONNET.—NIGHT.

Now o'er the dying glories of the day

Night draws her sable robe with many a star
Bespangled, and the long contested war
Is over, and the clouds are rolled away.

Then may one dream, that every starry ray
Pierces the dome of darkness with its light,
And far beyond the curtain of the night,
A hidden heaven of glory would betray.

Thus gazing on the stars the fancy feigns.

Ah, might we but believe that this is so,—

That scattered truths, which now in darkness show,
Are glimpses of a land, where Truth still reigns
For evermore; and, when the Heavens shall rend,
Will break into a noon that knows no end.

CHURCH-STRETTON.

Too soon to be forgotten, as a dream !

Alas, how fleeting are all human joys !

Here, in great London's harsh and hurrying noise,
I scarce can call to mind the little stream,
Now dimmed in shadow, now in sunny gleam,

Whispering and tinkling past the Carding Mill,

Through fern, and heather, rock and folded hill,
Down to the village,—far too small I deem

To bear the name of "Town," sequestered spot,
Church-Stretton !—Yet when all is still, at night,
A vision strikes upon my inward sight :—

Tumbling and foaming from the rocky steep

Which pours the Light Spout, on with many a
leap

Thou dashest downward, though I see thee not.

FRAGMENT.

ABOUT us as we fight, unseen allies

Are warring on our side both day and night,—
The spirits of the noble and the wise
Inhabiters of everlasting light.

And, even at the moment, when the breath
Of the pure soul escapes its earthly ward,
The spirit passes to the gates of death,
Where stand the sentinels for aye on guard.

The startling cry is heard, "Stand, who goes there?"
"A friend!" The answer: "Pass on, friend—all's
well!"

He enters where the denizens of air
Within the camp of God securely dwell.

AFTER HORACE.—LIB. I., CARM. IX.

(*To Thaliarchus.*)

THE roofs are white with glittering snow,
Swift flies the huddling cloud,
And round about the chimneys blow
The wintry breezes loud.
Pile up the coal, draw near the hearth,
Bring forth the generous wine,
And let us share the joys of earth,
While yet they're thine and mine,
Let not the shades of future care
Obscure the noon-day light;

The twilight drear will soon be here,
Forerunner of the night.
But, while the sun of youth is high,
We'll laugh, and dance, and sing;
Avoiding Age's evil eye,
And Sorrow's poignant sting.
Now let the sports be used, that make
Both mind and body strong,
And let the yellow morning break
On feasting loud and long.
And let the jovial laugh resound,
The clash of varied wits;
And let the merry jest go round,
That hurts not where it hits.
Now let the youthful lovers walk
Along sequestered glades,
And steal sweet kisses, 'mid their talk,
From half reluctant maids,
Whose lips and eyes, half pout, half smile,—
Half love, and half disdain,—
Pretending anger, laugh the while,
And coax to kiss again.

MY BOATING SONG.

I.

OH this earth is a mine, full of treasure,—
A goblet, that's full to the brim,
And each man may choose for his pleasure
The thing that's most pleasant to him;
Then let all, who are birds of my feather,
Throw heart and soul into my song,
Mark the time, pick it up altogether,
And merrily row it along.
Hurrah, boys, or losing or winning,
Feel your stretchers and make the blades
bend;
Hard on to it, catch the beginning,
And pull it clean through to the end.

II.

I'll admit 'tis delicious to plunge in
Clear pools with their shadows at rest;
'Tis nimble to parry, or lunge in
Your foil at the enemy's chest.
'Tis rapture to take a man's wicket,
Or lash round to leg for a four;
But somehow the glories of cricket
Depend on the state of the score.

But in boating, or losing or winning,
Though Victory may not attend ;
Oh, 'tis jolly to catch the beginning,
And pull it clean through to the end.

III.

'Tis brave, over hill and dale sweeping,
To be in at the death of the fox ;
Or to whip, where the salmon are leaping,
The river that roars o'er the rocks.
'Tis prime to bring down the cock pheasant ;
And yachting is certainly great ;
But, beyond all expression, 'tis pleasant
To row in a rattling good eight.
Then, hurrah, boys, or losing or winning,
What matter what labour we spend ?
Hard on to it, catch the beginning,
And pull it clean through to the end.

IV.

Shove her off ! Half a stroke ! Now, get ready !
Five seconds ! Four, three, two, one, gun !
Well started ! Well rowed ! Keep her steady !
You'll want all your wind e'er you've done.

Now you're straight ! Let the pace become swifter !

Roll the wash to the left and the right !

Pick it up all together, and lift her,

As though she would bound out of sight.

Hurrah, Hall ! Hall, now you're winning,

Feel your stretchers and make the blades
bend ;

Hard on to it, catch the beginning.

And pull it clean through to the end.

Bump ! Bump ! Oh, ye gods, how I pity

The ears those sweet sounds never heard,

More tuneful than loveliest ditty

E'er poured from the throat of a bird.

There's a prize for each honest endeavour ;

But none for the man who's a shirk ;

And the pluck that we've showed on the river

Shall tell in the rest of our work.

At the last, whether losing or winning,

This thought with all memories blend,

We forgot not to catch the beginning,

And we pulled it clean through to the
end.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

LORD GOD ALMIGHTY, the darkness around Thee
Shines with Thy splendour, and night is as day ;
Not in the glory of Heaven we found Thee,—
Low in the manger the little Child lay.

Armies of angels, in triumph adoring,
Shake the white throne with the praises they
sing ;
One trembling word from a sinner imploring
Melts into pity the heart of the King.

Not 'mid Thine angels, for fear Thou should'st
blind us,
But as Thou camest Thy lost ones to seek,
Come even now, gentle Shepherd, and find us,
Where we are wandering, all weary and weak.

Not with Thy lightnings the darkness dispelling,
Not in Thy wrath, from which nothing can hide ;
But, like Thy star, come, and stand o'er our dwell-
ing ;—
Light of the World, with Thy children abide.

Here amid turmoil and discord abiding,
The noise of our tumult ascends to Thee still ;
Soft as the dew-fall send back the glad tiding,
“ Now and for evermore, peace and goodwill.”

Lord God Almighty, the darkness around Thee
Shines with Thy splendour, and night is as day ;
Happy are they who in seeking have found Thee,
Where in the manger the little Child lay.

HYMN OF THE ASCENSION.

(Without the gates.)

LIFT up your heads, ye golden gates :
Alleluia !
Lo, where the King of Glory waits :
Alleluia !
Open, ye everlasting doors,
He cometh to tread the jasper floors :
Alleluia !

(Within the gates.)

Who is this King of Glory? say :
Alleluia !

Why cometh He not with His array?
Alleluia !
Where are His captains in the fight?
Where is His army brave and bright?
Alleluia !

(Without the gates.)

His foes were many, and He but one :
Alleluia !
He hath trodden the winepress all alone :
Alleluia !
Sin, and Death, and Sorrow, and Pain
Under the Victor's feet lie slain :
Alleluia !

(Within the gates.)

Who is this King of Glory, tell ?
Alleluia !
This conqueror over Death and Hell ?
Alleluia !
To Him who solely for self doth fight
These gates are guarded both day and night :
Alleluia !

(Without the gates.)

Open the gates ! yea, fling them wide :

Alleluia !

After Him surgeth a mighty tide :

Alleluia !

Like stars of the sky, like sand of the sea,

A host which never can numbered be :

Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Amen !

PSALM XLVI.

I.

GOD is our refuge and our hope alway,

A very present help in trouble He ;

Therefore no evil shall our souls dismay,

Not though the mountains fall into the sea,

Not though the mighty waters swell and rage,

Not though the mountains tremble at the roar,

Nor though the heathen bitter war may wage,

For God is with His chosen as of yore.

The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob
is our refuge.

II.

Come and behold the wonders of the Lord !

Death and destruction in His path appear.

He makes the battle cease, He sheathes the sword;
He burns the chariot, and He breaks the spear.
'Tis He that makes the war, and deals the blow
After the working of His sacred will ;
With His right arm He lays the heathen low,
And 'tis His voice that orders, "Peace, be still."
The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob
is our refuge.

PSALM L.

The Lord, the mighty God, shall speak, shall call
The whole wide world from the uprising sun,—
Yea, from the rising to the setting, all
Shall come to meet Him when He marcheth on.

Before Him a devouring fire shall go,—
With fire and in the tempest shall He come,
And call the heavens above, the earth below
When He appears to call His people home.

"Hear, O my people, I, thy God, will speak,—
Yea, against thee My people will I call.
I am thy God, O Israel, whom ye seek,—
Thy God, O people, and the Lord of all !

“Not for thy sacrifice will I upbraid,
In that ye did not yield Me what was Mine;
Not one he-goat an offering shall be made,
I will not take one bullock that is thine.

“The beasts that feed beside the shallow rills,—
Yea, the wild beasts that to the woods repair,
The cattle feeding on a thousand hills,
The fowls that fly about the mountains bare.

“All these are mine. I call them, and they hear,
And shall thy God demand these things of
thee?—

Call upon Me, ye children, when ye fear;
Offer and pay your heartfelt thanks to Me!”

But to the wicked, God shall say—“Behold,
Ye preach My laws, but ye do not obey;
By ye deceit and lies are ever told,
And ye do cast My holy words away;

“Ye speak against your brothers every one,—
Yea, your own mother’s son ye would betray;
I will reprove thee for the evil done,—
Lo, I will pluck thee swiftly from the way!

“ Thus hast thou done, and I have held My
tongue,

Thou thoughtest I was even such as thou ;
Consider ye, for I have tarried long,

O ye, who have forgot, consider now !

“ Whoso shall offer Me his thanks and praise,

He doth Me honour, he shall honoured be ;
And he who rightly orders all his ways,

The grace and goodness of his God shall see.”

PSALM LVII.

Alto.

Be merciful, be merciful to me.

Chorus.

God shall send forth His mercy and His truth.

Trio.

With thee shall be my refuge. Let me lie,—
Lie underneath the shadow of Thy wings
Until this tyranny be overpast.

Alto.

Be merciful, be merciful to me.

Chorus.

His truth and mercy reach unto the clouds.

Recitative—Bass.

Their teeth are spears and arrows, and their tongue
Is as a sword. They have prepared a pit :
Lo, they have fallen in the midst thereof !

Alto.

Lord, I will praise Thy name for evermore.

Chorus.

Set up Thyself, O God, above the clouds.

Alto.

My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed.
Awake, my glory, and awake, my harp,
And praise Thy God in face of the whole world !

Chorus.

Set up thyself, O God, above the clouds.
Set up thy glory above all the earth.
Thy truth and mercy reach unto the skies.

PSALM LXXVII.

I CRIED unto the Lord with a sad voice,
Yea, in the time of trouble did I cry ;
My soul refusèd comfort in the night ;
My wakeful eyes from tears were never dry.

Will the Lord cast me off for evermore ?
Will He no more be favourable to me ?
Hath He forgotten all His tender care,
Who very gracious once was wont to be ?

And then I said, " Oh Lord, 'tis I forget !
But now I will remember Thee again ;
I will recall what Thy right hand hath wrought :
This will I think on, and forget my pain.

Thy way, O God, is holy,
There is none like to Thee ;
Thou hast declared Thy power,
Thy people are set free.

Thy voice was heard in thunder,
The lightning flashed and play'd,
The solid earth was shaken,
The waters were afraid.

Thy way is on the ocean,—
There is none like to Thee,—
Thy footsteps leave no traces
Upon the shifting sea.

Thy way is on the waters,
Thy path is on the deep;
Yet call us, and we follow,
Great Shepherd of the sheep.

PSALM XCVII.

I.

The Lord is King. Let the round world be glad;
Let all the islands in their seas rejoice;
Clouds and thick darkness hover o'er his throne,
But righteousness and judgment sit thereon.
A fire goes out before Him to destroy
His enemies. His lightnings shine around.
The firm lands tremble, and the mountains melt
In presence of the Lord of the whole earth.

II.

The heavens His righteousness declare;
The idols shake and fall.
They, who do worship them, despair,
And God is Lord of all.

III.

Oh, ye who love the Lord your God,
See that ye hate the wrong ;
So shall your loyal hearts be filled
With glad and peaceful song.
Oh, ye who love the Lord your God,
See that ye love the right ;
So through the darkness of your lives
Shall spring a glorious light.

POEMS

PUBLISHED 1860.

ALMA MATER.

I.

THE spendthrift wand'ring in deserted halls
Broods o'er the past for ever flown away,
When the high mirth shook all the castle walls
E'en to the turrets grey.

Then might he scarce their loveliness perceive,
In misty splendour moved the happy days;—
No future ill to dread, no cause to grieve,
Lost in a blissful haze.

Now o'er his forehead hangs the cloud of care;
His eyes are shadow'd from the blinding light;
The happy hours, he mark'd not when they were,
Dawn into clearer sight.

So those three years in gradual beauty rise,
The dazzling haze no more the landscape fills,—
The mists of morning steep'd in crimson dyes
Roll from the purple hills.

11.

What careless bliss was ours in other times,
When lying in the cool of leafy shade,
We passed the golden wine beneath the limes
By rustling breezes sway'd;

Or talk'd with mingled jest and random bet
And various prophecies on coming sports,
Or, one by one, in knots of idlers met
About the sombre courts;

Or 'mid the shouts and cheers and deaf'ning roar,
The rough wash rolling from our struggling prey,
Felt the long eight spring, lifting from the oar,
As she would fly away!

Alas! the lot of man is thus to find
The glory of the past when all is vain;
And then to cast a longing look behind,
And dream it o'er again.

III.

The lonely wand'rer under other skies
Thinks on the happy fields he may not see ;
The home-enfolding landscape seems to rise
With sunlight on the lea.

Dreaming, he hears the lowing of the cows,
The pigeons flapping in their circled flight,
The rooks loud clamouring from the topmost boughs
That take the latest light ;

And musing on the scenes unloved till now,
Now grown so dear he never can forget,
He feels how pleasures past for ever grow
Dearer in dim regret.

*PILATE'S WIFE'S DREAM. **

STILL with increasing clamour rang the hall:—
“Away with this blasphemer! Crucify him!”
Then, dreading lest an uproar should arise,
The Praetor yielded to their loud demands ;
And, with a forehead like the hard-ribb'd sand

* It should, perhaps, be stated that this Poem was published before Gustave Doré's Picture on the same subject was painted.

Fretted with ceaseless waves, he left the hall.
And still he muttered, "What is Truth?" and railed
At priestly laws and Jewish turbulency,
And cursed the feeble power that he possessed.
So mused he doubtfully, vexed with dark thoughts
And vague remorse; till thinking—"She did dream,
Or said or thought she dreamed. A dream!—

Perchance

Dreams may be true, since all things else are false!"
He entered where his wife lay terror-numbed,
And pale and weary with tormenting fears.
Their glances met and fell, and so they sat
In silence. On her cheek an angry spot
Flushed, and her pallid lips were curled in scorn;
But still she spoke not.

Pilate broke the spell,
"Tell me the foolish dream," he said, and smiled.
She rose to all her height and answered him.

I.

"So you have washed your dainty hands of crime,
Covered your guilt with words:—'His blood
shall be
On them and on their children!' Lo, the time
Shall come, when you, all undeceived, shall see
Your soul still coloured with the crimson stain!

You are not Cæsar's friend,—a bending reed
Was never Cæsar's friend ! You hope to gain
A little gust of favour for the deed,
By fawning on these priests, who'll fail you at your
need !

II.

“Would I had faced you in the judgment-hall,
Proclaimed the fearful omens of the night,
And named you coward ! there, before them all !
Oh, I can see your cheeks are sickly white
At the bare thought ! Yet, had I faced you then,
I would have shamed you into seeming brave.
Of princely power never boast again,
Since you must cringe to every brawling slave.
Pilate ! His blood will cry aloud from out the grave.

III.

“I flung my casement open, while the night
Came as a gloomy thought that clouds the brow ;
And lo ! as thick as dew-drops, when the light
Bursts from the East, the stars began to glow.
Long time I gazed upon the jewelled skies,
Then slowly seemed to lose the power of will
A dazzling brilliance trembled in mine eyes ;
A lonely terror made my bosom thrill ;
I felt as one who weeps, at night, when all is still.

IV.

“ Then from the farthest circle of the sky
Came the low hissing of a rising wind ;
My face was flushed ; my lips and throat were
dry ;—
Methought the storm was stirring in my
mind ;—
The mem’ry of my sins arose, like dust
That whirls before the breeze on desert sand.
Lo ! in the calm behind the driving gust,
Fringed with a glory from the heavens, a band
Of shining angels floated slowly toward the land.

V.

“ Before them as they moved, and ’neath their
feet,
The clouds were rolled in glory, and the air
Was fragrant, and their looks were grand yet
sweet ;
And every face was differently fair.
And on their heads their golden crowns they wore,
And round about their waists a belt of light,
And in their hands their golden harps they bore ;
And soon they ceased to move. Full to my
sight
Anon they smote the strings with rapturous delight.

VI.

“And then they sang ; ‘Love’s triumph has begun,
The Lord has come to be betrothed to her,
His virgin Bride : from highest heaven the sun
Has stooped to woo the moon that shines so
fair.’

Henceforth shall she, the Queen of this dark ball,
Shed the reflected glory of her King,
In splendour which shall never fade nor fall.

‘Glory to God on high !’ aloud they sing :
‘Peace and goodwill to all the world we bring !

VII.

“‘From highest heaven the God of perfect love
Watches the working of His perfect will ;
And, though His throne is set in realms above,
Guards His belovèd Church from every ill.

With gentle care He nurtures the fair flower,
Loved by the angels that surround the throne,
Intent to make it lovelier, till the hour

When His dear Son shall claim it for His own—
His Bride for evermore to perfect beauty grown.’

VIII.

“Straight from beneath the shadow of the band
Into the full effulgence was she borne ;

Girt with the waving clouds, I saw her stand
Like Ruth amid the yellow-ripening corn.
Down-trembling to her waist each golden tress
Shone all around with glory; she was fair
With all the grace of love and holiness.

She looked straight heavenward through her
shining hair;
And like an incense sweet the breathing of her
prayer.

IX.

“Her snowy hand held firm the sacred books,
That speak the future coming of her King.
Tow’rd her the angels bend their shining looks,
And ever bow their heads the while they sing
In softest notes that fill the liquid air,
With holy joy and perfect love elate:—
‘A little while, O maiden, fond and fair!
And He that shall come will in princely state,
And surely shall not tarry, knowing thou dost wait.’

X.

“Then smoothly gliding from the dark’ning world,
While still the air with mellow music rang,
And round them still the golden clouds were curl’d,
Still of the same great mysteries they sang.

And, while I watched them as they moved along,
Each angel narrowed to a little star;
The harps grew fainter, and the tide of song
Was lost in seas of silence soft and far,—
My soul returned to earth, and knew the things
that are.

XI.

“Then, while I turned the vision o’er and o’er,
I heard a noise of distant voices rise,
And fall again, and burst into a roar
Of tumult, mixed with oaths and jeering cries;
And then I knew that through the crowded street
They led a prisoner, as they poured along
With flare of torches and the tramp of feet.
But softly through the uproar of the throng,
Still lingered on mine ears the vanish’d angel’s song.

XII.

“Pilate! the man they hooted and reviled
Was this same Jesus, who before thee stood
Guiltless and pure, in all things undefiled.
O Pilate, we are guilty of His blood!
Thou, for thy base abuse of power, and I.
In that the mystic visions I had seen

Did not persuade me mightily to try
All means t' avert what never should have been.
O God, that I had died before yon Nazarene !

XIII.

“Oh, be a man in deed as well as name !
Forbear to punish Him in whom you find
No fault at all ; or else let your fair fame
Be the eternal jest of all mankind !
I swear to love thee to my latest breath
If thou wilt dare to set yon pris'ner free,
And save Him from the ignominious death.
Lo ! on my knees I make my prayer to thee,
Now, e'er it grows too late, annul the harsh decree !”

Then Pilate raised her by the hand and spoke :—
“That, which is done, is done. Most weak it were
To change my purpose, having yielded once,
Stirring the maddened people to revolt.—
And all for what ?—All for a silly dream !

Who is this Jesus ? But your fears are wild—
Fit for a foolish child that dreads the dark
Through reading idle stories. This a dream ?
Nay, but a mere delusion of the sense

Seen with dazed eyes long gazing on the stars,
When the warm blood was chilled with airs of night!
A dream without a sleep! Was this enough
To make you startle me with that strange message,
That well-nigh made me swerve away from justice?
Is this then all?"

"Pilate! this is not all.

I dreamt again, when my hot head was resting
Upon the cool soft couch, the window closed,
And I, I think, asleep; for I had reached
My bed I know not how; and still I felt
A numbness creeping over all my frame,
And dreadful terrors. Yet I could not cry
For help for very shame; and so I lay.
But after I had dreamed my second dream
I rose up in great horror, and I called
My maids about me. And the dawn was come.
And then they told me that the court was met
To try the prisoner Jesus. Then I sent
The message down to thee in haste and fear."

Then answered Pilate. "If the second dream
Be like the first, I have no time to hear
What doth not profit me; but if you will,
Tell me the dream at once, and then forget."

She answered in deep sorrow as she spoke.

I.

“ We two must live our lives and share our woe.
Whether I tell the dream or not to thee,
Thou still must feel it ; for indeed I know,
That hopeless clouds o’erhang the days to be.
And, if I tell thee not, it will appear
In all my looks, as on the felon’s brow
Is blazoned all his guilt ; and thou wilt fear
The untold dream ; so thou shalt hear it now,
And then we will forget, what we must always know.

II.

“ Methought the burnished heavens began to bend,
And heave like waves that lift toward the strand ;
Then the great dome was cracked from end to end
And rolled away beneath the darkened land !
And lo ! the heavenly hosts in thousand forms
Burst with a clang of trumpets from the sky ;
The rocks and hills were split amid the storms
Of pealing thunder ; and there rose a cry,
Beyond all human sound, proclaiming victory !

III.

“ And lo ! the land was covered with a crowd
Of human forms to which the land gave birth ;

And soon the air was filled with uproar loud,
The noise of millions moving on the earth.
High up in heaven there gleamed a centre bright,—
A glorious Sun, from which I turned in fear,
So fierce its splendour. Then my dazzled sight
Beheld a cloud of angels hovering near,—
An army grand and bright with breastplate, helm,
and spear!

IV.

“Then those stern angels, hastening to the land,
Divided all the multitude in twain.
To left and right they separated stand
Before the dazzling circle; and in vain
The crowd upon the left in bitter grief
Called on the rocks to fall and let them die;
And quaked and trembled as an Autumn leaf
Shakes to the fall. O God, to hear them cry
Froze all my soul with fear and speechless agony!

V.

“But those upon the right with hopeful gaze
Looked upward, and the beauty of the light
Shone full upon them from the Central Blaze,
And clothed them all with radiance rare and
bright.

Before the Central Sun, where angels knelt,
A godlike man sat on a great white throne ;
And o'er His head a flaming golden belt,
Whereon His name in blazoned letters shone :
' Jesus of Nazareth, God's well-belovèd Son !'

VI.

" Behind the throne a golden Cross was reared
That blazed with glory, dazzling to the sense ;
The thronèd King in regal pomp appeared,
Grave and yet mild, in calm magnificence.
But, O my God, beneath His robes I saw
His hands and feet were pierced, and in His
side
A ghastly scar, that filled my soul with awe !
Then those about the throne arising cried—
' Behold the Lamb of God, for sinners crucified !'

VII.

" O God, 'twas but a dream, it was not true ;
Yet it will haunt my days till I am dead.
And lo ! the man arose, and closer drew
Toward the Centre of the Light, and said :—
' To do Thy will, O God, was my desire,
What time I trod the earth, and suffered shame

And bitter death. And now, O heavenly Sire,
Perform My will and Thine, which are the
same.

Lo ! Father, these Thy children called upon My
name

VIII.

“ He spoke, and stretched His hand toward the
Right :

Then came a Voice, clear, silver-toned, and
loud ;

And suddenly the Central Sphere of light
Glowed rosy-tinted like a sun-set cloud :—

‘ O Son, in whom I chiefly take delight,
Do what Thou wilt ! ’ And lo, as swift as
thought,

The happy crowd up to the highest height
Of all the shining realms of heaven were
caught,

And out of darkness into glorious light were brought.

IX.

“ And then methought the solid earth did shake
And reel upon her pillars, and a roar
Burst from beneath ; the land began to break

And split in chasms ; and from the dark earth's
core

The flames flew upward, and the great round
world

Fell from its station, rolled about with smoke !

Then from the multitudes to ruin hurled,

A sad and piercing cry of anguish broke ;--
And then I cried for help ; and with the cry
awoke !”

And lo ! in waves of shadow, e'er she ceased,
The silent darkness slipt along the land ;
Before the sun a shadow slowly passed,
Veil-like to hide him from the shameless earth ;
The clouds from every quarter upward rolled,
Till, like a flaming ship that staggering sinks,
The high sun foundered in a sea of night.
The birds came chirping all about the roofs
As at the sunset hour ; the dead air paused
In awful silence ; then a shiver ran
Through all the branches of the palace trees ;
The large drops fell unseen ; and through a night
Of utter blackness and without a star
The fierce forked lightning dashed about the clouds,
And long-continued thunder roared and rolled
And shook the city. All the earth did quake

And tremble ; and the rocks were split and fell
And crashed in fragments. Then a cry arose
Through all the town : "The Temple of the Lord !"

But those two sat in silence, stunned with fear ;
Motionless sat, hand locked in hand, and awed
Beyond all power of either speech or thought ;
And, only when the lightning flashed, they saw
Their haggard faces, pale as are the dead.

But, when the chill return of light had come,—
Cold as the greeting of an enemy
Who smiles with malice working at his heart,—
They both arose, and with a look of pain
They parted in deep silence, as of death.

MORNING.

O'er the heavens' broad expanse
Glories of the morning glance,
As when burnished troops advance
With the flash of helm and lance,
Hurrying to the war.

Pallid grow the shades of night,
Smitten by the shafts of light,

Fleeing to the left and right,
Hiding, tremulous with fright,
In the mountains far.

Thinner grows their serried rank,
Harassed on the rear and flank,
Followed up o'er wood and bank,
Till the very earth is dank
With the battle's heat.

Onward rides the King of day;
Banners wave around his way;
Decked in garments new and gay,
All the earth makes holiday,
Smiling at his feet.

ORPHEUS AND THE SIRENS.

FROM the circled haze of distance like a ghost the
vessel drew,
Gliding to the pleasant islands bosom'd in the
central blue.

Green beneath the leafy bowers roll'd the waters
in the bay,
Sprinkled by the swaying branches with the golden
light of day.

All the air was warm with fragrance wafted from
the blossom'd trees ;
Through the woods the hidden streamlets wandered
to the open seas.

Where a thousand racing ripples broke and bubbled
up the bar,
Shone the bleaching bones of victims, seen by
sailors from afar.

Mildly blew the summer breezes, melting all the
power of will ;
While the songs of Sirens wakened echoes from
the purple hill.

But to-day they tuned their voices, which the
sailors love to hear,
More beguilingly and fondly, like a bird-song sweet
and clear ;

For along the warm air rolling came a tide of music
strong,
Orpheus, offspring of Apollo, pour'd the torrent of
his song.

Sang he loud and solemn praises unto Gods that
rule above ;
And with his diviner music vainly all the Sirens
strove ;

For his voice like mellow'd thunders from the distant valleys blown,
Overwhelm'd their feebler efforts in the fulness of its own.

Thus he sailed in solemn triumph in amongst the sunny isles,
Scorning all the songs of Sirens and the peril of their smiles.

Surely Good shall prove the victor wheresoe'er it meets with Wrong ;
Knowledge shall allay the fever thirsting for the Siren-song ;

In the open war with Evil truest strength and wisdom lie ;
In the doing of the Right the very thought of Wrong shall die ;

Onward through the pleasant islands safely shall the vessel move,
Songs of Sirens waxing fainter in the praise of Gods above.

QUEEN

120

We fight;
Shall,

THE Clans had muster
And, sweeping southward
Stript the Autumnal

But she, the wife of the
Whose thunder then shook Calais to
Assembling thirteen thousand of her men,
Flung wide the gates of Durham, and came forth,
Amid the flash of arms in morning light,
To do fierce battle with her husband's foes.

Then, while her courage like a glory shone
Through the full beauty of her azure eyes,
She rode through all the length of glittering lines,
An angel of bright omen! "Soldiers!" she cried:
Her voice a silver trumpet, and her words
A prophecy of triumph to her troops:
"Soldiers! to-day we reap the high reward
Of valour in the praise of all brave men!
To-day shall Vict'ry crown our brows with flow'rs,
And Fortune throw new lustre on our arms!
Now, for our homes, and for our absent King,
And golden harvests ripening on the fields,

For hight, not by ourselves ; but God with us
 shall roll the waves of battle from our land."

C
Lo ! Herald of her own high deeds of arms,
Across the bosom of the happy sea,
She comes a victor to the English camp ;
Received with shouts of welcome, and the clang
Of joyful trumpets, and the roll of drums.

Within the royal tent the mighty King
Stood, as a rock, that after terrible storms
Stands in the flush of sunset all unmoved,
While yet the wild waves toss about the base.
And when a courtier lifted up his voice,
Praying the lives of those six men, the King
Frowned till he ceased, and answered not a word.

Then kneeling, suppliant, at the monarch's feet,
Her golden tresses falling on his knee,
His gentle wife upraised her soft blue eyes,
And fair moon-face, suffused with tender tears,
And prayed the King to put away his wrath
For the dear sake of blessed Mary's Son.

He, while the frown passed cloud-like from his
 brow,
Looked on the lovely sorrow of his wife ;

And all the cold resolve thawed in his breast ;
And, bending down, he raised the victor Queen,
And smiling, granted her the lives she craved.

THE LIGHT OF SUMMER SUNSET.

I.

Not all the gold in miles of veins that lie in other
lands—
Not all the pearls that shine unseen in million
river sands—
Would make me leave our Northern land ; for I
would live and die
Where the light of Summer sunset lingers long
about the sky.

II.

Then sweeter is the fragrance of the groves of
blossom'd trees ;
And clearer grows the humming of heavy-laden
bees ;
And softly sounds the song of birds about the
branches high,
While the light of Summer sunset lingers long
about the sky.

III.

Oh, pleasant then to wander, in the cool of even-
time,
All underneath the yellow-tassel'd blossoms of the
lime ;
To watch the shadows deepen, and all the colours
die,
While the light of Summer sunset lingers long
about the sky.

IV.

Then homeward come the herds of cows from
meadows green and sweet ;
And Robin, coming up the lane, by chance con-
trives to meet
With Mary, bringing home the milk, and both look
wondrous shy,
While the light of Summer sunset lingers long
about the sky.

V.

And then they feel the magic as they wander all
alone ;
And kisses gain a sweetness that never yet was
known ;

And when he asks to "name the day," she puts
the question by,
While the light of Summer sunset lingers long
about the sky.

VI.

Then village lads rejoice to leave the labours of
the day;
The cricket-field is loud with mirth and hearty
earnest play;
And grey-haired men look on and think of days that
are gone by,
And the light of Summer sunset lingers still about
the sky.

VII.

They gather also on the bench outside the ale-house
door,
And take their pipe and glass of ale—and think of
days of yore;
And talk of crops, and politics, and church, both
low and high,
Until the light of Summer sunset dwindles from the
sky.

VIII.

Oh, not where burning suns pour down their heat
and hateful blight,
And sudden darkness hides the sky in one black
cloud of night,—
Not there would I be dwelling; but I would live
and die,
Where the light of Summer sunset lingers long
about the sky.

ONE OF THE LOWEST.

I.

'MID the busy throng of the street,
'Mid the tramping of busy feet
She told her tale:—
A hollow voice, and a hollow eye,
Dry lips, dry heart, and eyes long dry,
And lavender dried for sale.
And few would pause to hear
Her strange and tearless grief;
But still with hollow voice and eye
She flung her woes at the passers by,
At the honest and at the thief.

II.

“Oh, pity! and hate me not!

Oh, pity! and not condemn!

For once when I heard of such as myself,

I remember I hated them!

Not me! not me! but my crime;

You loathe it not more than I:

I could not bear you should love me now;

Yet pity me, e'er I die!

III.

“I remember the time when he came to me,

And smiled, and spoke of love;—

Oh, the wildest love, and the fiercest hate

In a madden'd breast will strangely mate!

And my scorn, remorse, and hatred strove

With the love that once I bore;

Till I doubted, so much were my senses lost.

Whether I loved or hated him most,

When he came to me once more!—

When he came again, and again I gave

What hunger and thirst had striven to save

Through weeks that knew no rest.

He said it was his by law:

And I doubt not he knew best.
By law, but never by right!
For I doubt that the fruit of my toil was his
By the coward's law of might.

IV.

"Fool that I was! I had no ring;
Yet merrily once I could laugh and sing,
And fancy myself his wife.
He loved for a while, while his love was new;
But his hate was deeper and far more true,
And it cut to my soul like a knife.

V.

"Oh, his was a laugh could hush my fears
When I doubted I was wrong;
But I would to God I had lost my ears
Ere I heard that lying tongue.
Yes, his laugh was sweet; but now it seems
Like the echo of wild and mocking screams;
And on that night when I looked on him last,
When the rain was blown about by the blast,
And he toss'd in unholy rest—
I fancied he laughed in his wicked dream,
And it nerved my arm, and I stifled a scream,
As I held the knife to his breast!

VI.

“But angel or fiend withheld my hand.
He turned—he awoke—and saw me stand
By his bed with the deadly knife.
Since then I have blest and cursed the day
That I did not take his life!
I flung the terrible knife to the floor,
And rushed to the street by the open door,
With a wild and fevered brain.
And wherever I go for evermore,
His last fierce look will remain.
The rattling rain on the pavement beat,
And the wild wind howl’d down the long black
street,
And I shudder’d to hear the sound of my feet,
Though the deed I had not done.
And the bells rang out through the deep dark air;
Wildly they clashed to my wild despair,—
And the year had just begun.

VII.

“And the babe that I danced on my thin, sharp
knee,
I thought I could love it well;

But it grew each day so like to thee,
That I felt (how bitterly none can tell)
It would laugh like thee on its road to hell.
Though I loved it, I could not bear to see
A thing that so resembled thee.
Close to the home where we used to dwell
I dropped it into the horrible well,
That babe I danced on my knee !

VIII.

“ Oh, would that I were there,
In that cold tomb,
Drown'd in the depths of its soundless gloom,
No more to breathe the air !
I would, but I do not dare.
I cannot repent, and I dare not die.
They say there is pity in the sky ;
But they who tell me so,
They loathe the sight of such as me.
And I cannot believe there is charity
In those pure skies above ;
Or else in this world of sin and woe
There would be more pity for one so low,
And a little spark of love.”

IX.

'Mid the busy throng of the street,
'Mid the trampling of busy feet,
 She told her tale ;
With a hollow voice and a hollow eye,
With a dry-drained heart and eyes long dry,
 And lavender dried for sale.
They said "She was mad, and had been so"—
"God would provide !" or "She might go
 To Bedlam or to gaol."

NASEBY.

Not only in the cautious changes wrought
By patient labours in a peaceful time
Have all our glorious liberties been won ;
But often through the blinding smoke of war
The light of Freedom flashes on the land ;
And through the roar of onset comes a voice
Proclaiming order ;—like as at the first,
When the great Earth was labouring into life
And rolled about with darkness terrible,
God speaks, and lo ! the heavens give their light.

For now the war was at its fiercest heat ;
And, gathered round the King they loved too well,
The Royal forces came to win or die,—
True to a falling cause and feeble lord,
True to the name of King, false to the truth !

What wonder that the camp with loud huzzahs
Went out to welcome Cromwell, when he came
To lead them on to certain victory ;
For never yet had foe withstood the might
Of his great valour terrible and fierce,
Yet tamed beneath his firm-controlling will ?
What wonder that they cheered ? But he, the
cause,
Passed to his tent ; and, there on bended knee,
Prayed that he might be guarded from the sin
Of coveting vain glory and renown ;
That so he might avenge the common wrongs
Of England, and maintain the cause of Truth.

Soon as the broad light of the clouded morn
Revealed the wooded uplands, the two hosts
Watched one another from opposing hills :
The green grass lands were drenched with summer
rains,
And all the dykes were filled with steaming floods ;

And glimmering on the heights to east and west
 Stretched the vast armies. Now upon the right
 The lights and shadows wavered, and anon
 A dark black mass drew from the steadfast lines,
 And, like the shadow of a flying cloud,
 Swept down the hill, and, hurrying through the
 vale,
 Rolled up the steep. Impetuous was the charge
 And irresistible; for on they came
 Led by a Prince who seldom charged in vain;
 Right through the people's ranks they rode and
 plunged,
 Nor swerved nor drew the rein until they neared
 The baggage-guarding guns. Whereat the Prince
 Longed for the prey, and charged and charged
 again,
 Vexed at defeat, and baffled; till there came
 A hurried message from the hard-pressed King.

For meanwhile on the left the Country's cause
 Had prospered. Cromwell, riding at the head
 Of all his horse, had charged, and overthrown.
 And broken up with loss the Royal lines:
 But prudent, wary of pursuit, returned
 To Fairfax where he held the chief command.
 For still the central armies lay and watched

The tides of battle foam on either hand.
Then joining all their hosts the people charged
With one loud shout of onset "God with us!"

But Charles, who saw them come, and feared
the worst,
Pale with despair and trembling in his rage,
Brought up his guards, and charging in hot haste,
Rushed on the bristling lines—and lost the day.
Then, like a wild beast turning on the dogs,
Fought madly still, and wildly cried to charge!
"Charge! Charge once more, and yet the day is
ours!"
Until they drew him foaming from the field,
Never to charge again—unhappy King!

So was the freedom won we now enjoy!
God save us from bad rulers; and instruct
The nations to revere and honour kings
Who rule the land in wisdom's laws and ways.
And teach us all to reverence our Queen,
And love her as the best that ever ruled,
And wisest, purest, without stain or fault,
Our greatest pride, and wonder of the world.

A RELIC OF OLD TIMES.

T. CRESWICK, R.A., 1860.

DARK against the amber morning stands the castle
on the hill ;

All the woods are waning yellow, and the air is
calm and still ;

Ever 'neath the silent ruin rolls the river broad
and clear,

Winding from the distant bridges, smoothly gliding
o'er the weir,

Gleaming like a polished mirror, till it nears the
shallower strand,

Where it smiles in silver dimples purling over
stone and sand.

There a ghostlike rippled image on its trembling
breast is borne,

Of the sweet moon growing pallid in the rival
lights of morn ;

There the woods are dimly shadow'd, and the
wavering castle wall,

With the splendour of the morning faintly floating
over all.

Lazy kine are idly standing in the shallows of the
stream,
Others plodding down the road-way chequer'd by
the morning gleam;—
Many a time beneath the branches in the ancient
days of yore
Have the steel-clad bands of troopers clatter'd
downwards to the shore ;
Plashed across the ford, and, blazing with their
armour in the sun,
Passed away to fight and conquer, and return
with booty won.
Many a time those mould'ring tow'rs have trembled
to their lowest vault,
When the foe has swarmed before them clamb'ring
in the wild assault ;
When the air was filled with shouting and the
clang of thundering blows,
And the limpid stream was crimsoned with the
slaughter of the foes ;
Or in happier hours of pleasure echoed with the
mirthful song,
When the gates were all flung open, and the feast
was loud and long ;

Or about the banks and bowers glanced the silken-
suited knights,
Breathing vows to stately ladies, joys of love, and
sweet delights.

These are gone; and yon old castle moulders
grimly in decay;
Other scenes than these have risen:—There has
dawned another day.

Rolls the river ever changing, ever gliding o'er the
weir;

Burst the barren boughs with beauty in the spring-
time of the year;

Glow the moon in all her splendour moving 'mid
the starry train;

But the brave old ruin crumbles, never to arise
again.

MEMNON.

WITH noble ardour filled he came

For sacred Troy to fight;

His burnished armour shone like flame,

And flashed in morning light.

Aurora, as he marched afield,
Upon his helmet played,
And blazed upon his polished shield,
And flutter'd round his blade.

And now he hurls among the crowd,
That parts to left and right ;
And 'mid the clash of onset loud
He burns with fierce delight ;

Till, bent to do immortal deeds
And endless praise to win,
Right to the thickest press he speeds,
Where loudest roars the din.

There Hector's might maintains the war,
And there o'er all the rest
Achilles drives his glittering car,
And shakes his haughty crest.

Aid him, ye Gods ! Aurora, save !
Let not thy son be slain !
Ah me, that one so bright and brave
Should writhe upon the plain !

He fell beneath Achilles' spear,
That spear that conquered all :

The Trojan warriors paused in fear
To see their hero fall.

But though they saw him hurled to ground,
Yet, when the fight was done,
They searched the field, but nowhere found
Aurora's noble son.

In after times the warriors came
At morning's earliest light,
Where stood a statue to the name
Of him who fell in fight.

Soon as the silv'ry light of dawn
Changed to a rosier tone,
Strange sounds of melody were drawn
In music from the stone.

And still the story holds the same,—
The Gods who rule on high
Make sweetest music of the name
Of him who dares to die.

PSALM CVII. 23.

THEY that in ships go down into the deep
Behold God's wonders as their watch they keep ;
For at His word the stormy winds arise,
The lifting surges threaten toward the skies ;—
Now on some tow'ring wave to heaven they soar,
Now o'er their heads they hear the breakers roar ;
Their souls are melted with great fear and woe,
Like drunken men they stagger to and fro ;
But when in trouble unto God they pray,
He turns again, and takes their fear away.
The waves are lushed, the breezes softly cease,
The weary are at rest, and all is peace !
Their hearts are glad when all their toils are o'er,
And so He leads them to the wished-for shore.
Oh, that all men the Lord would therefore praise,
Declare His wonders, and observe His ways !

THE END.

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